FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1879.

Snow is shoveled out of a large granite building in Boston every morning, and the boys may play at snowballthey are quick about it. This building is a warehouse for the storage of per ishable provisions, and the air in it is kept at 40 by refrigeration with ammonia. The snow gathers constantly in the machine-room.

bly have been supplied by foreign im- punched in his card. When the nummigration, the rest of the total of 1,- ber of holes corresponds to the num-920,000 immigrants in those years stray- ber of drinks allowed him for the ing from the East. At least 1,880,000 day, he can have no more, though the people have, therefore, gone from the day may not yet be more than half East and from Virginia and Kentucky spent. in the last five years, over 500,000 of them during 1878 and 1879.

THE latest scheme out is for a railroad across the Desert of Sahara. Some French engineers have been investigating, and they think the project quite feasible. The distance is about 1,600 miles, and the cost of building the road is roughly estimated at \$80,000,000, but it would open up the richest regions of Central Africa, and stand a chance of paying good dividends. But, what with propositions to flood the desert and to build railroads across it, the old Sahara of the geographies is fast losing its ancient air of mystery.

A SHIP-CARPENTER at Belfast, Me., has concluded to spend the rest of his life in a chair. When wages were reduced he declined to work any longer, and seated himself in a rocking chair near his sitting-room window. There he remains all day long, only rising to go to his meals or to bed. His chair rockers have worn grooves in the floor, and on the window sill, where he drums idly as he rocks to and fro, are the imprints of his fingers. He is supposed to have some savings on which he and his wife live.

SCOTCH Presbyterianism is torn by the case of the Rev. Dr. Macrae, who has been tried and suspended for disbelieving the doctrine of eternal pun- known is the Niagara river, which, just have the choosing of my own name, but ishment. Before the Synod in Edinburgh he endeavored to prove from the scriptures that the bad have not the same possibility of life in them as the good, that evil has no everlasting games, can be traced far back in the existence, and that the universe will eventually be purified from sin. He a new dogma on the church, and ferred to in the tales of the "Arabian" only asked liberty to hold his own Nights." views. The majority against him was everwhelming.

THE reduced tax on tobacco has been in effect long enough to furnish find their theories and predictions zinc. Combinations of zine are considfor May and June show a total revenue | kitchen. of \$10,121,751 at the lower rate, as against but \$7,524,817 in the corresponding months of 1878 under the old fig- and Virgil were crowned with laurels in back, whenever I got hungry, and to choose between the "Conservatives" ures. The great bulk of this increase the Roman capital. In 1341 Petrarch wanted to go up and take the fresh air and "Reformers," either in point of pooccurred in May, and is attributable to the fact that the agitation of the subject had largely interfered with sales for John Kay or Cains, appointed by Edseveral weeks before; but the revenue ward IV., and was the first to receive giving me a humpbacked appearance. for June, when the business had settled the title. The yearly fee of the poet back into its normal channels, was over \$50,000 more than for June of last year. The advocates of reduction insisted that the change would both increase consumption and diminish the inducements to evasion of the tax, and the figures promise to show that they were right.

Congress and about to be expended for frames, axles and other parts thirty viver and harbor improvements, \$330,- years. An important advantage is that 000 is for the New England States, \$518,000 for New York, and the rest as the junk-shop, while, when a horse follows: New Jersey, \$116,000; Penn-breaks a leg, the whole animal is only sylvania, \$367,000; Delaware, \$22,500; worth the flesh, fat and bones, which sylvania, \$367,000; Delaware. \$22,500; Maryland, \$175,000; Virginia, \$230,000; West Virginia, \$186,000; North Carolina, \$223,500; South Carolina, \$200,-000; Georgia, \$181,000; Florida, \$395,-000; Alabama, \$380,000; Mississippi, \$120,000; Louisiana, \$655,000; Texas, \$266,000; Arkansas, \$102,000; Missouri, \$74,000; Tennessee, \$121,000; Kentucky, \$112,000; Ohio, \$220,000; Indi- Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, and Buchanan ana, \$85,000; Illinois, \$165,000; Michigan, \$548,000; Wisconsin, \$362,500; Iowa, \$134,500; Minnesota, \$57,500; Kansas, \$30,000; Nebraska, \$40,000; California, \$243,000; Oregon, \$222,000; dent Pierce a Trinitarian Congregation-Dakota, \$17,000; Montana, \$70,000; District of Columbia, \$50,000; Mississippi river, \$465,000; Missouri river, Grant and Hayes also attend the Meth-\$90,000; Ohio river, \$150,000. Nevada odist Church, but are not members. is the only State which does not receive direct pecuniary aid from the act.

EXPLOITS in drinking lager beer are

are wonderful. A fireman drank The True Hortherner. twelve glasses of beer while a church clock was striking 12, the time being about half a minute. Dr. Noeffler drank eight gallons in two hours, and his competitor in a trial of capacity was not left far behind. Noeffler is regarded as the Cincinnati champion, but there are several men in that city who ing in a temperature of 90 degrees, if have emptied an eight-gallon keg in three to five hours. An old employe of a brewery has drunk fifty glasses every day for eighteen years. Brewers' men generally drink heavily. In one brewery they are allowed from six to four teen glasses each per day, according to their age and work. Cards are placed Ir is estimated that over 2,500,000 behind a bar, and upon them the names people have taken up homes in the West of the employes are written. A man and South in the past five years. Of goes to the bar and asks for a glass of this number not over 600,000 can possi- beer, and a hole at the same time is

> Quite a ripple has been raised in the relations between England and France by the alleged interference of Queen Victoria in the Bonaparte family quarrel. American correspondents allege that Prince Jerome refused to see the Empress on the occasion of the Prince Imperial's funeral. So far from this being true, the Prince went directly to Camden Place upon his arrival at Chiselhurst. There no less a personage than the Queen of England accompanied him to the boudoir of the Empress, in order that a reconciliation might be effected between them. A burst of uncontrollable grief, however, prevented any communication between the personages, and the Prince was compelled to withdraw. In the meantime, it is stated that the Princess Clothilde will herself hold the interview which so signally failed in the case of her husband at its very threshold. Some of the British journals deprecate this interference on the part of the Queen, and add that it will greatly increase the desire of her people that she shall take no undue personal part in foreign affairs, and also that the French Republic may be left to pursue its course undisturbed by dynastic intrigues.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

700 feet deep by actual measurement.

According to a writer in the Fortnightly Review, the game of croquet, and an endless variety of other familiar Sassanian dynasty, and was in vogue there before the eighth century. It was played with the long-handled mallet disclaimed any intention of imposing called chugan. This instrument is re-

In Amsterdam, Holland, several persons have been poisoned by the use of us; for we don't like such treatment a enameled cooking vessels of Belgian bit better than you would. I will, and German manufacture. Some of these utensils were tested with diluted one and all, to call around next sumacetic acid and common salt heated in some indication of its effect on the them for two hours. The solution obrevenue, and the advocates of the change tained yielded considerable oxide of ered very injurious to health; and, as without such a promise first being food often contains mixtures of salt and made, I am afraid I will have to be so already confirmed. The reduction of food often contains mixtures of salt and the tax from 24 cents a pound to 16 be- vinegar, pans which are thus affected gan on the 1st of May, and the returns | must be regarded as unsuitable for the

POET laureate is a title bestowed by was crowned poet laureate, and this has has been commuted for money.

THE iron horse does not last much longer than the horse of flesh and bones. The ordinary life of a locomotive is 30 years. Some of the smaller parts require renewal every six months; the boiler tubes last five years and the crank axles six years; tires, boilers and dre-Or the \$9,500,000 appropriated by boxes from six to seven years; the side a broken part can be repaired and does not condemn the whole locomotive to amount to a very small sum in this country, where horse-flesh does not find its way to the butcher's shambles.

THE religious belief of the pineteen persons who have filled the Presidential chair in the United States, as indicated by their attendance upon public their writings, may be summed up as follows: Washington, Madison, Monroe, were Episcopalians; Jefferson, John Adams, J. Q. Adams and Fillmore were Unitarians; Jackson and Polk were Presbyterians; Mr. VanBuren was of the Dutch Reformed Church; Presialist; Lincoln attended the Presbyterto any; Johnson was a Methodist;

inch belt around a twenty-two-inch blessed with a good appetite, too, I tell at Battle Creek, Mich., by a negro receiving the attention of the Cincin-nati newspapers, and some of the stories both ends meet deserves commendation. playing hide-and-go-seek with my broth-Times had changed for both.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. Dulay Lost,

The little dolls' mamma had washed out their clothes olothes
And hung them all out on the line. I suppose

Your children don't have such a terrible wash?
And, pray, does your line ever fall with a crash?
But at last they all hung in the sunlight to dry.
Said Julie: "I fink 'at my Paisy did ky."
So, wiping the scap from her pretty white hands,
the trotted up-stairs, where the baby-house
stands.
he opened the

She opened the door; all was atill as a mouse, And Daisy, the dolly, was not in that house. No Daisy up-stairs and no Daisy in bed. "Oh! what shall I do if my dolly's went dead?" Said Mrs. Mamma. "Pr'apa she's dest runne

Don't oo fink so, Kitty?" "Miaurr," Kitty did Say,
"Oh! Daisy, my own "ittle gurl, are oo dere?"
But the whole row of dollies did rothing but stare.
Her little white hat Mamma Julie put on,
To see if her child to the garden had gone.
In garden and orchard no dolly was seen,
Though the cherries were ripe and the apples were

green.
So down to the meadow, where grasses are deep,
She trotted, and found, 'neath a haycock, asleepPray, who do you think? Little truly Boy Blue.'
In the very blue jacket that Mother Goose knew!
And slowly he opened his heavy, sweet eyes,
And looked at sweet Julie with sleepy surprise.

Oh! title Boy Blue, is co oo truly? Dess what's my name. Dest title Dulie, Becourse. Why, I'm the whole of three.

I'm dot a broidery dress. Have oo? One sash an' five an' 'leven' an' two Lots of sashes. Oh! where's my Daisy? She's my dolly. P'r'aps oor lazy

'Ittle boy. Don't oor mamma say
'Ittle girls didn't ought s'eep all day! '
I wis I was down there 'long wiz you.
Oh! Daisy's lost! What s'all I do?

She's my bestest tild of all! She's dot on a truly shawl,

An' ony free legs an' one arm. We've dot hay, too. up'n our barn. Dere's a f'ower right by your head, 'Ittle boy. Don't you fink it's dead? Oh! wake up. p'ease, 'Ittle boy! Say, Didn't my Daisy tum dis way?

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

How could a fellow asleep in the hay Know if a dolly should happen this way? I was fagged out, you see, watching the sky, Bluer and bluer and ever so high! I saw the clouds as they picked up the rain, Spilling a little bit backward again Out of their aprons, so funny and gray. Then I've been smelling the breath of the hay, Full of red clover and pretty dead flowers, Plenty of things ran away with the hours. I saw the mouth of the little brook kissed Under its bonnet of white morning mist; Saw the sky look and grow dreadfully red, Then I heard all that the little birds said. I heard the grasshoppers' spinning-wheels all Humming at once in their cool, grassy hall. Listen! a fairy is blowing his horn! See him there, perched on that tassel of corn, Waiting to take me to fairy land. Pray Now, little girl, won't you please run away!
So Little Boy Blue impolitely turned over,
To slumber again in the warm, scented clover.
Far off in the distance the merry bells' tune
Told where the sheep wandered this bright after

Whi e dear it the Julie, disconsolate mother, on trotted away, with her griefs, to some other ELLEN F. TERRY.

The Tiger Beetle.

DEAR CHILDREN: I am a Tiger Beetle. This much is easily told, but a man might say his name was John Smith, and you would be as wise as before; so I am afraid it may be difficult work to make you understand who I THE deepest running stream that is already acquainted with me. I did not | ing me, when I appear to be perfectly I can get one I like better. Although most of you who live in the country have seen me, yet I venture to say that very few of you who have seen me have taken the trouble to ascertain who I am, and where I live, and what I look like close by; so, for the benefit of whoever may want to know, I will tell all I can about myself. Pray don't respond, though, by chasing us about next summer, and sticking pins through us, and calling us "bugs" after you have caught however, give you a cordial invitation,

mer, and make us as many visits as you

please, provided you will leave me alone

when you depart, and will promise not

to carry me off with you; for, if you call

impolite as to be "not at home." I have an indistinct recollection of passing through a long, happy "hunchbacked" childhood, living in a hole in sovereigns at various courts, and so the sand, out of which I pulled myself however, who think—and he, perhaps, named from the tradition that Horace by the aid of a pair of hooks in my shares their feeling—that there is little and procure something to eat. I was litical principle or of public morality, been called the first instance of the undeniably homely then, I must con- and who place their hopes upon a floattitle. The first English court poet was fess, with my huge teeth, big head and ing liberal element which as yet has no small body, with the hooks I spoke of organization. I never strayed very far away from laureate was formerly 100l and a tierce home, for there were always plenty of correspondent of the Star declares that of Canary wine, but since 1813 the wine | small insects, weaker than I, crawling | the country is losing both its prosperity about, to supply me with food, and and its population, and that the grow-with plenty of that and plenty of sleep ing demand for some great radical I was content. At last, when I grew large, I grew lazy, too, until a strange the farmers of Ontario as it is in Montfeeling came over me, and I went to real. His opinion is that the remedy sleep. How long I slept I never knew, for when I woke I crawled out of my hole in the sand, and found I was entirely changed; and in place of my former ill-looks I was exceedingly handsome, if I do say it myself, and could run and fly as fast as you please. Since then I have enjoyed myself in my own peculiar fashion, and feel as young | independent state. "Give us the Uniand spry to-day as I did a month ago, ted States markets," says this corre-For myself, I prefer a jolly good piece of sandy shore, like the one where my York would lose its title of 'Excelsior.'"

childhood was spent; but some of my cousins would rather live among the grass, and I have even heard it reported that some of my fifth cousins, who live a leading member of the Northumberaway down at the Tropics, are in the land County Council, recently intro-habit of staying up in the trees all the duced resolutions demanding annexatime. Well, every one to his taste; but | tion, and, when a motion was prepared worship, and the evidence afforded in after all, what pleasure is there in living looking to his expulsion for such a sugwhere there is not plenty of sand to run and race over? springtime, you have very often seen my brothers and me, as we jumped up tinental union is as sure as the rising of

and, flying a ways, lit, to repeat the the sun. The London Examiner operation when you were again near enough. And you have, no doubt, wondered to yourselves what kind of "flies" those were, but most of you have gone ian Church, though he did not belong on and were content with merely wondering. If you had tried to catch me, you would have found plenty of business on hand before you got me there, for I haven't lived so long and looked THE economical side of woman's char- out for myself for nothing. A good acter shines torth with radiance when share of my life has been spent in getshe succeeds in fastening an eighteen- ting what I wanted to eat, and I am

ers and play-fellows, dodging in and out of the grass and weeds right merrily. A cheerful, good-natured company we are when the sun shines warm and the wind don't blow; for when it blows we can't always go the way we would like, and sometimes, I am sorry to say, this makes us cross and disa-greeable. You can hardly imagine a more pleasant sight than a group of us chasing each other up and down and around until our legs are 'most ready to drop off. For we are good-looking, and no mistake; for some of my cousins wear a green-and-gold suit, and some a parple. I am more modest, and am content with a brown coat, curiously figured with white, and under I wear a satiny green-and-gold vest. I am very careful of my clothes, since one suit has to last a lifetime, and many and many an hour I spend in washing and brushing myself from head to foot, polishing and rubbing till my breast shines like an emerald, and a speck of dust gives me a great deal of uneasiness till it is removed.

My legs are long and slim, and I am quite famous among the other beetles for the rapid walking and running I can accomplish when I have a mind to try. This speed is useful to me in more ways than one, for when I want my dinner it is not very difficult to run some down; and, when once I have outrun my game, it doesn't take me long to tear it to pieces and swallow it. Cook it? Why, that's the very way to spoil it, for my eating, anyway. I once happened to come on a place where a man had eaten some lunch and scattered some crumbs of meat, and, just I have known women to crowd all their work, out of curiosity, I tasted them; but you can't make me do it again, since that experiment made me so sick I thought I would die. Raw and warm is the only way to eat it, and if you knew as much as I you would agree with me.

My mouth is quite a savage-looging piece of machinery, and perhaps you would like to hear about that. Instead of owning a whole row of teeth, I have only two on each side of my head, but those two are so long and so strong that any more would only be in the way. They are curved like an old-fashioned sickle, and are notched on the inside of the curve, something like a saw. Between the teeth, or mandibles as they are called, above and below, are several pairs of joined fingers, or what answer in the place of fingers, for holding whatever I am eating, and for turning it around as I eat it. These "fingers" are called maxula, and are so useful in taking care of my dinner that without them I should be as helpless as an old man without teeth. Immediately back of my mandibles are set my eyes, which are so placed on the side of my head that I can see backward as readily as forward. Like those of most other insects, my eyes are compound—that is, made up of hundreds of small eyes am, so that you can recognize me when close together, and this fact explains you see me again, in case you are not the difficulty you may have in approachmotionless.

> But I am getting hungry, and I think there is a fair chance of some dinner in yonder clump of grass, so, if you will excuse me for this time, I may give you another talk some day, or coax some of my consins to do so; that is, of course, if you have not grown weary listening to me. Truly your friend,

CICINDELA VULGARIS.

Our Northern Neighbor. The Montreal Star, a cautious and orthodox journal, publishes a letter to Goldwin Smith which throws light upon the Canadian situation. The writer addresses Mr. Smith as the coming man for "Canada's exigency," which, he says, requires "new men at the helm," but rebukes him gently for his inexplicable partiality for the "so-styled Conservative party." This so-styled partiality has been remarked before, but we understand the position of Mr. Smith, who takes a most intelligent interest in Canada, to be simply a preference for that party when it moves in the direction in which he wishes the country to move. There are very patriotic Canadians,

The political situation in Canada is undoubtedly very much disturbed. The change will soon be as popular among lies in independence, and not in annexation, which he says is now very generally bruited. All that is necessary for Canadian prosperity under its admirable system of government he holds to be access to the markets of the United States, and that is practicable only through the treaty-making power of an spondent, "and in twenty years New

On the other hand, the feeling for annexation is daily increasing in the maritime provinces, and Mr. Scofield, gestion, he defended himself with force and dignity, concluding by declaring In walking along a sandy road in the that he held the Monroe doctrine, "America for Americans," and that concolonies were a hundred years ago, and when it sees that its true interest demands union with the rest of its own continent it will be peacefully accomplished.—Harper's Weekly.

A PITIABLE old tramp was entertained

HOME INTERESTS.

Serene I fold my hands and wait:
No care for wind, or tide, or sea:
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

stay my haste, I mske delay, For what awaits this eager pace? stand amid the threatening way, And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, swake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change my tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand slone?
I wait with joy the coming years:
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs from mountain height;
So flows the good with equal law,
Into that land of pure delight. The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
No time nor space nor deep nor high
Can keep my own away from me!
Oasis, Iowa.
L. C. GREENE.

Do Countrymen Ever Read the Papers? This morning has been dull and dismal enough, but it has made little odds to me, as all I am able to do to-day is to settle myself in the easy chair and think, and watch the busy life upon the street, which is every day alike,

the rain making no perceptible difference in the rush and whirl of business. I seemed so strong and well yesterday that, ike a great many other women, I thought l was able to blend two days' work into one, and, like a great many other women, I paid for it. Not, I hope, with the loss of health, strength, or as much of it as possible, into the first two days of the week, in order to enable them to do up a round of visiting the other four days. But, as visiting is not my forte, I cannot claim

Take a weak, miserable little woman, who has all the work to do for a family, and her at-tendance on callers almost messant, and it is amazing what an amount of needless work she will find to do. I have one in my mind this moment; I met her several times while in the country, and, although sick enough to have been quietly resting on a couch, she was piecing bedquilts, or elaborately fashioning her daughter's clothing, or something that might have been dispensed with, and her time been occupied by resting and winning back some of her former roses. A few yards of good calico, a half dozen rolls of batting, and a day's work would have made a comfort worth a dozen such quilts for warmth, and a plain dress with a little lace or some quiet trimming would have little lace or some quiet trimming would have answered every purpose for her daughter, who outgrows anything as soon as made. I grew heart-sick watching the poor lady as she matched the pieces, knowing that at the same time she was suffering intensely from a desperate headache. The rest of the company gossiped idly by, while she toiled over her unnecessary work. Were she enjoying health and strength it would seem different, but where is the chance to regain it? Her lot has been an is the chance to regain it? Her lot has been an unhappy one at the best, and she is one of our noble, lovable women. For that reason I would see her toil less and rest more. If one cannot gather happiness in this world, let them at least take a little of the luxury of rest when the toil is not literally necessary.

I started to give an account of what passed under my notice this morning. Across the street sat a young man doubled up against the

wall, in a stupor of intoxication. As the day wore on he began to show signs of life, and after a little sat up and gazed stupidly around him. Then he staggered to his feet, and I saw that his watch-chain hung dangling from his vest. After a while he noticed it and began hunting for his watch, but it had disappeared, with his wallet and what little money he possessed. No one seemed to pity him; there was no police at hand; and, after stumbling aimlessly around, apparently trying to enlist somebody in his cause, but failing, he went his way, a poorer, but it is to be hoped a wiser, man. One such disgusting episode I should think would cure any man of the habit of drinking. After he was well out of the way three men came up the sidewalk. One was a countryman and the others confidence with the old, old story of money wanted to redeem some property. The one who had
roped him in showed an empty pocketbook as proof that he couldn't
furnish the money, so, of course, they appealed to the countryman, and the silly, unsuspecting granger counted out the money and
it was transferred to the other man's pocket, a
half-dozen men across the way trying to warn half-dozen men across the way trying to warn him of his danger, and even going so far as to cry "Police." But policemen are seldom around when they are wanted. A threat from the leader silenced the spectators effectually, and they enticed the fellow along with them, and probably landed him in a saloon where the rest of his money quickly evaporated. Can it be possible there are still men in the world who have never heard of this game of the city thieves, when it has been printed as a warning dozens of times through the press? One would suppose the men across the way should have interfered, but they are well aware of the des-perate character of these robbers, and the sight of a revolver will make a coward of sight of a revolver will make a coward of almost any man. Confidence games are of so frequent occurrence and their perpetration so well aired in the newspapers that one would suppose no more victims could be found, and yet countrymen will not take warning. Were I ruler of this domain I would station trustworthy men at the limits to board every incoming train and play greenhorn when the depot was reached. Then I would have a few good policemen at hand whom a sign from the pseudo granger would bring to his assistance when the game was fairly under way, and, by prompt arrest and swift justice, I would have about a thousand notorious swindlers and thieves serving out life sentences in the peniabout a thousand horizon the penitheres serving out life sentences in the penitentiary. Thus I would rid society of one of its greatest pests.

ORLENA. its greatest pests.

Edna in the Country.

Three weeks have flown by and ushered us into the last of the summer months. I find many pleasures in "country living" that the years my experience has been limited, but even us have appreciated in any respect the con-tinual sacrifices made for the good of the peo-ple by the steady, honest and industrious tillers of the soil. Little do we realize the repeated early rising and the many duties per-formed before breakfast, while thousands in our great metropolis sleep the hours away, little dreaming, and much less caring, from whence comes the grain that furnishes their

Imagine, if you can, after the wheat has been in turn cut, bound, shocked, stacked, and, lastly, threshed, then carried to the mill, that lastly, threshed, then carried to the mill, that the farmers enter their homes, ait down at their ease, fully satisfied with the ducats deep down in their pockets as the result of the season's labor, and thus they rest until the heated term is over. Autumnturns the leaves and they fall to the ground, the birds fly south, winter snows cover the once velvety green carpet with the one of spotless white, and nature seems, indeed, to sleep, but as the human heart beats on though the body slumbers so the work of nature peo-"America for Americans," and that continental union is as sure as the rising of the sun. The London Examiner frankly expresses the same opinion. Nobody in Canada appears to like the existing situation. The Dominion can not be more sincerely attached to the Old Home than the thirteen seaboard colonies were a hundred years ago, and warmed the earth. What is there wanting? Why the long faces upon the heavy grain dealers? They are fully as anxious to accumulate wealth as in years gone by, and as far as they are concerned have taken the same steps as in previous years, but the cry is "hard times," for there is a famine in the land. The farmer's wife, becoming weary of her monotonous, hum-drum life, sits down by the side of her husband and silently dreams the bours away. The cream cannot mold itself into the rolls of golden butter, for the dasher now is at rest. The numerous packages of seed

for the various vegetables lie neatly in rows upon the pantry shelf. Can you wonder that the formerly well-stocked markets of the cities are now vacant? For what comes not out of the land is scarce worth having—even the sugar that sweetens our morning nectar is drawn from the cane or the tree. What, then, do we not owe the farmer? Surely "he earns, his bread by the sweat of his brow," but man must plant ere God promises the increase.

MICHIGAN NEWS.

A LARGE snake was killed in a church at Lansing the other day.

MENOMINEE has a fine town library, containing 1,317 volumes. Twelve new engines are on the stocks

at the locomotive works at Jackson. EVERY house in Battle Creek is occupied, and \$150,000 worth of building is now going on.

THE Kalamazoo Library museum now boasts of a salamander, a cham: leon, a centipede, and a horned toad.

THE new Central School building, at Jackson, is just completed at a total cost of \$30,700 for building, furniture,

DR. S. S. GARRIGNES, State Salt

Inspector, has been very ill for some weeks, but is now able to attend to his business again. FARMERS in various parts of Alpena county complain that deer are so nu-

merous that they are doing great damage to the crops. THE receipts of the St. Mary's Falls ship canal during the month of July were over \$8,400, and 544 vessels passed

through the locks. AT Harrisville, the county seat of Alcona county, fourteen new buildings are under construction, including a Presbyterian church.

E. B. DYCKMAN, of Schoolcraft, Kalamazoo county, has just lost a horse, aged 29. The mate of the horse is 30 years old, and doing good service.

NELSON BLOSS, of Charleston township, Kalamazoo county, lost his barn, hay, wheat stacks, etc., by fire lately. Loss, \$4,000 or more, with some insur-

THE division of an estate in England drops the snug sum of \$150,000 into the palms of Mrs. C. W. Higgins, Mr. George Glass and Miss Eva Glass, all of Cadellac.

KING'S planing-mill, with manufactured material and lumber; Langdon's shingle-mill, a dwelling, two stables and other outbuildings burned at Cheboygan, the other night. Loss, \$8,000; no

COAL in paying quantity and accessi-ble location has been discovered at Newberg, four miles from Durand, the point where the Chicago and Lake Huron and Detroit and Milwaukee railroads intersect.

CERTAIN wrathy and influential Jacksonians will protest against digging up is known as the East Cemetery. The city would fain make town lots and streets of the ancient graveyard.

SETH LEWIS, who died at Marshall not long since, was one of the patriarchs of the Michigan press. He came to this State from New York in 1838 or '39, and established The Western Statesman at Marshall on the ruins of a previous newspaper, but soon after called it the Marshall Statesman, and ran it until 1866.

THE Secretary of the Alcona county Agricultural Society says, in the Iosco County Gazette, that a movement is on foot to secure the co-operation of the agricultural societies and interests of the several shore counties toward making "a shore exhibit" at the next State fair, which will be held at Detroit, Sept. 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19.

A MICHIGAN railroad man has lately built cars for a prairie road with an arrangement for disconnecting the gearing and running by wind when it is favorable. After a trial of several weeks the cars have been pronounced perfectly satisfactory. In an ordinary almost every-day breeze they can run fifteen miles an hour under sail.

KIRK BYERLY, of near Owasso, was shot and killed by his brother Sam recently. The young men and their father were out hunting, when Kirk seated himself on a stump. Sam, seeing the top of his head from a distance. thought he was a woodchuck and put a ball through his brain. Kirk was 24 years of age, and his sad death causes a great deal of sorrow in the neighborhood where he lived.

THE steamer Cora Lock took fire at her dock, in East Saginaw, a few days ago, and burned to the water's edge. The flames spread rapidly, and the crew, five in number, had a narrow escape, saving cities know not of. Until within the past few nothing. The cook's berth was next to the dock, and she got out in her nightwith this small degree I cannot feel that any of clothes. The rest of the crew jumped into the river. Capt. Burrington had a hand burned, and Eugineer Ryan was was burned badly on the side. The origin of the fire is not known. The Lock was built at Perrysburg, Ohio, in 1867, and was owned by Root & Midler. She was valued at \$6,000, and insured for \$4,250.

THE Marquette Monument Association held its second annual meeting at Mackinaw on Sunday of last week, representatives being present from most of the Northwestern States and from New York. On Saturday addresses were made, the principal ones being by Rev. Dr. Goodwin, of Chicago, Prof. Kemp and Father Jacker, and a poem read by Father Cronin, and a large number of letters were read from prominent gentlemen throughout the country who sympathize with the movement. On Sunday the association paid a visit to Father Marquette's grave, at St. Ignace. Congress is to be petitioned to set apart a site for a monument.

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON, who is now regarded as the head of the Bonaparte family and chief of the Imperialist party, is a larger man than either the first Napoleon or his father. In his earlier years his likeness to the great Emperor was extraordinary. He is 57 years of age, not yet gray, though somewhat bald.